

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

By E. NELLIE BECK. Telephone No. 669.

Seen, Heard and Done Among Those Who Go, Come and Tarry—Women and Society, Here and Elsewhere

Mrs. William Fisher and family came up from their summer home at Fisherville, Monday and are now in their city residence preparatory to leaving Thursday noon for Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cammack left Saturday for Monticello, Tenn., where they will spend two weeks before going to Waukesha, Wis., to spend the remainder of the warm weather.

Mr. Edwin Reese who recently returned from Biloxi, Miss., where he has occupied an excellent position as stenographer and bookkeeper for the last six years, will take a well earned rest in his old home, to the great pleasure of his relatives and many friends.

Mrs. J. Elwood de la Rue and Miss Kate Caro left yesterday for Letohatchee, Ala., where they will visit Mrs. de la Rue's sister for the remainder of the summer.

SIMPLY AS A MATTER OF HUMAN DECENCY.

Just as a matter of decency—aside from the danger—is there or is there not, a law against spitting in public places? If not there should be one just as soon as it can be passed.

If there is—as I believe—it should be rigidly enforced. At once and impartially. Simply as a matter of decency.

Monday night the writer boarded a "depot" car—taking, as usual, the vacant seat nearest, which proved to be the front, inside the car, and, without scrutinizing the floor, sat down.

At the next corner a young couple did the same. The lady's dress was new, an exquisitely fresh and dainty combination of lace and white goods.

When they left the car I observed a dark stain—a reeking, nauseating spot—on the side of her skirt near the hem and as the beautiful, soft folds of her garments swept a mass of the same corruption as she stepped down, I knew that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

Time and again I have seen persons, dressed like gentlemen, smoke, chew, hawk and spit on the car, rub the soles of their highly polished shoes about in the mess they have made on the floor and then lift their feet and deftly clean them off on the edge of the opposite seat.

Time and again I have been requested to call attention through the columns of The Journal to these outrageous breaches of common decency, but have declined, urging each person to lay his or her case before the manager or superintendent of the street railway company.

But, meantime, my own observation leads me to the conviction that the fault lies in widely distributed moral and social cowardice.

The decent passenger who observes these disgusting spectacles, feels the impulse to denounce them but—until he or she is a victim—"having a fuss" cools his ardor with the thought that it is "none of his business."

The victim—as in the specific case recited—probably leaves the car in ignorance of her defilement until she gets to her destination, and then—as she cannot prove, by designating the numbers on the car and the caps of the men in charge, that she got the fifth on her clothes in one of those nice, clean looking open street cars—she is helpless.

The conductor—poor conductor,

brunt of every growl—undoubtedly should have the moral courage to overlook smaller offences on the part of the ignorant and to kick from his car any animal in human guise guilty of such indecency.

And—the more gentlemanly his clothes, the higher his social position, the more influential his financial and business connections, the harder and more violently the conductor should kick him.

And—if he should presume to insinuate that he has an "interest" in, or "influence" with the street car company, let the conductor make the ejection of the offending passenger violent enough to assist him as far as possible toward the company's headquarters. For—I believe that—nothing would work better for the conductor's advancement, than for him to compel his passengers to observe the rules of decency—written or unwritten.

If a passenger—man or woman—refuses to comply with the requirements of human decency, then he or she should walk. Walk through the deepest sand or burning sulphur until fitted for human association.

Yes—he or she. For, also, she is quite apt to attempt to cover a multitude of social vices with the latest thing in dry goods. But—vices like domestic skeletons, "will stick out."

One close, rainy, disagreeable evening a man and a woman entered a closed car crowded with passengers including several ladies returning from a reception. As soon as she had squeezed herself contemptuously between two other women she looked anxiously toward the rear, wondering audibly:

"Where is he poor dear—he's soaking wet. Do go see. He might fall off the platform."

"Perhaps the conductor wouldn't let him get on."

"Wouldn't let him get on!" she screamed. "I'd just like to catch a conductor (O, the mighty scorn she injected into that word) keeping him off. I'd have him discharged so quick 't would make him dizzy. Ah! Here he comes."

And he came. A draggled dog, threading his way between these crowded passengers, rubbing his wet body against the ladies' dresses and leaving an irremediable stain on the skirt of a handsome light cloth reception gown that had been worn but once before, and can never be worn again, for visiting.

A child, little daughter of a visitor, had been bitten by a dog so frightening the delicate mother that the sight of a dog near the child had thrown her into convulsions. One day she got on a car to take the child for an airing. A woman, followed by a dog got on and sat in front of them. One of the little, snapping puppies, persisted in jumping up on the seat barking and snapping at them till the terrified mother begged the woman to "Please hold him. I'm afraid he'll jump over."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the dog's companion. "He's only playful." The mother, trembling with excitement and fear, stopped the car, got off and walked back to her hotel, packed up and left for home next day.

That conductor, I am glad to state, is no longer in the employ of the company, though it is improbable that any complaint was made on that score, as there should have been.

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DeLUNIAK

Special to The Journal.

DeLunyak Springs, Aug. 8.—Mr. Geo. B. Leavitt and family of Bloomington, Indiana, arrived here Thursday and have taken charge of the Commercial Hotel.

Curtis McKinnon of Jacksonville, is at home for a week's visit to his father, Geo. W. Ward, of Whitefield, passed through here Friday enroute to Boston.

The ladies of the Baptist Church realized the neat sum of fifteen dollars in the collection which was taken at the organ recital last Tuesday night. Rev. W. F. Wagner left Wednesday morning for his home near Atlanta. From there he will go on a business trip to Cleveland, Ohio. His brother, Walter Wagner accompanied him.

Douglas Stotts of Seattle, Washington is visiting his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stotts.

Mrs. D. W. Burke and children, and Mrs. Burke's guests, Miss Ethel Taylor, and Miss Carrie Burke, of Alabama, went to Greyton Beach Friday for several days.

Mrs. J. R. Brown, Mrs. Hope Cawthon, Mrs. J. G. Downs, Misses Anna Davis, Christine Gillis, Julia McKinnon and Emma Campbell have been selected by the Fair Association, to take charge of the ladies and children's department, which will be one of the most attractive features.

Miss Beulah Manning of Florida, is the attractive guest of Misses Cebal and Myrtle Warren.

Mr. L. S. Cleveland, who has been the efficient foreman in the Breeze office for the past two years, has gone to Florida to accept a similar position with the News of that place.

Mrs. Charles Chandlee of Gulfport, Miss., is visiting her sisters, the Misses Parish.

The county school board has petitioned the state board to allow the High school the use of the normal buildings next year. There is all probability of the request being granted. At the last meeting the school board appointed Messrs. R. D. Baker, H. J. Rogers, John Moore, Misses Christine Gillis and Christian McDonald to make an outline of a course of study for the high school, subject to adoption by the board.

Mrs. L. P. Campbell went to Mill-

and, naturally, if the castle is not run in good order he gets the blame. But—the real blame lies with his passengers. Or at least with that type of passenger who has not yet reached the human level. And—they should be compelled to conform to human usage—or be fumigated good and plenty—by the humanity compelled to witness their intolerable nauseousness.

If you use Blue Ribbon Lemon and Vanilla Extract in your ice cream the flavor will be perfect and besides they are absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for Blue Ribbon Lemon and Vanilla. Takes less. Flavors perfectly.

THE PART HEFTER.

An Actor's Success May Not Depend on the Number of His Lines.

An actor, known variously as "experienced," "reliable" and "good all round," one who has been said to "play with authority," and whose "scholarly reading of his lines" has been the subject of frequent eulogy, walked out of his manager's office with a roll of typewritten manuscript clutched tightly in his hand and a look of blended joy and elation irradiating his well seamed face.

"I've got my new part," he cried joyously to a friend whom he met on the sidewalk, "and it's great."

"Indeed," said his friend. "What's the character?"

"Dunno," replied the Thesplan cheerfully, "but it's simply great. If you don't believe me just hear this." And his friend proceeded to "hear" the typewritten roll, remarking as he handed it back that it must weigh at least half a pound.

If this good all round actor had possessed any real knowledge of his craft he would have known that the failure he scored was due to the fact that his half pound part was one of those worthless ones which read well and "heft" well, but which afford the player no opportunity to do anything pleasing to the public.

When Mr. Palmer gave out the parts for the first production of "The Two Orphans" there was one roll of manuscript that was the lightest of all and weighed so little that the part hefters in the company turned up their noses in scorn and turned pitying glances on the young actress to whom it was assigned. Yet that was the part of Louise, the blind girl, and Miss Kate Claxton's performance of it will remain in the popular memory long after every other character in the piece shall have been forgotten.—James L. Ford in Harper's Weekly.

MODERN CITY LIFE.

Its Saddest Aspect Is the Passing of the Home.

The passing of the home is the saddest phenomenon of modern city life. The tenement house, which we seek to disguise under the name of "flat," is a most wretched substitute for the humblest of homes. That our people endure them is an indication of degeneracy, as it will unquestionably be the cause of a more rapid descent. It is morally certain that the vigor of the race can be maintained only by personal contact with the mother earth from which we sprang, which nourishes us to her bosom when we die. Why this is, perhaps no one knows, but it is within the knowledge of all that the vigor of the city is constantly recruited from country life. To deprive children of daily contact with the soil is a sin.

The evil of the tenement house was not realized until it passed from the slums, because few of us know how the other half lives. It is perhaps not so desperate a misfortune to those who live by manual labor, for they get their contact with earth in other ways, and their children, less vexed by the conventions of society, find access to the soil by some means and pass, while still young, to the occupations of their parents. The most terrible effect of the tenement house is in the families of the "salaried" class as distinguished from the "wage earners" and who flit from flat to flat, seldom remaining long enough anywhere for home associations to be formed. There can perhaps be no home associations worthy of the name which are not connected with a piece of open ground in the sole possession of the family. It would seem that in our larger cities this privilege can no longer be enjoyed except by the rich.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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The Journal's Daily Fashion Feature



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CLEVER MODE FOR THE DEMOISELLE.

For the young lady who still clings to Misses' styles this will prove a smart design. The coat is one of those chic little short affairs that define the figure faultlessly. The usual number of seams is employed, and the fronts arranged with a shallow shawl collar, and a vest of white cloth that contrasts with the soft cadet blue of the gown.

Gold buttons and some black braids give it quite a military air. The skirt has a tablier front, displaying inverted pleats, stitched to about the knee, and then well pressed from there. The sides and back are arranged in two sections. The top part resembles a yoke, so smooth and snug is the fit; and to this a circular lower part is applied with rows of silk stitching. A band of princess haircloth is deftly inserted in the hem to insure the correct fare.

TITLE TO TOWN IS INVOLVED

Mr. A. L. Beach and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Thainer and Misses Effie Stubbs and Elsie Nipe made up a pleasant party to Greyton Beach Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graves of Geneva, Ala., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Graves.

Mrs. John F. Watson, Mrs. Geo. F. Carden, Mrs. N. Sowell and Misses Edith and May Skiles, are some of the ladies who are interested in the organization of a Village Improvement Society. This effort on their part is very commendable in that it tends to beautifying the town.

Miss Maud Saunders who has been visiting friends in Mobile for several weeks returned home Monday.

Mrs. C. V. McDonald has returned from Geneva, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McLane. Her nieces, the little Misses Hortense Boyle and Annie Chapin McLane returned with her.

SHRINES IN MOROCCO.

Why Some People Look Upon Them With Suspicion.

A traveler says that Christians in Morocco look with suspicion on the shrines of Mohammedan saints in that country. He tells the following story: "Once upon a time a boy was traveling through the country, and as night came on he found himself near a white-washed tomb. Knocking at the door of the shrine, he asked for a meal and a bed. When the next day dawned he was about to continue his journey, but the keeper of the shrine besought him to remain in order to help him keep the shrine and collect the offerings of the faithful. The youth said that he must first consult his parents, and the elder man bade him take his ass and seek advice of his parents and return. The boy took the ass and rode away, but he had not accomplished half the journey before the ass fell sick and died. Then the boy knew not what to do nor where to turn. But when he had considered the circumstances of his case a brilliant idea flashed into his mind.

"Having dug a pit and cast the ass therein, he piled great stones over it, whitening them with lime, and set a white flag above, saying to all who passed by, 'This is the tomb of St. So-and-so.' Then worshippers came from every side, alms were poured in and offerings showered upon him. The keeper of the shrine lost his customers and came to visit the new saint. He when the crowd had gone approached the young shrine keeper. 'I ask thee by Allah,' said the old man, 'who is this saint of thine and what manner of thing is buried here?'

"I will not deceive thee, but will tell thee the truth," returned the youth. 'My saint who is buried here is none other than thy beast, even the carcass of thine own ass. And now, pray, who is thy saint and who in truth is buried in the shrine thou keepest?' 'I will not deceive thee, but will tell thee the truth,' replied the old man. 'My saint is the father of thy saint.'



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IMPORTANT SUIT AFFECTING CEDAR KEY REALTY FILED IN LEVY COUNTY.

One of the most important cases that has ever been filed in this state was recently filed at Bronson, the county seat of Levy county, which involves the question of title to the entire town of Cedar Key, says the Tampa Herald.

This case is in the nature of a bill filed by Attorney W. E. Baker, of Gainesville, to remove the cloud from title and for injunction against the Cedar Key Town Improvement Company, represented by J. A. Williams, L. E. Parsons and others. Attorney Baker is representing in the case the heirs of Thomas Parsons, being James Pierson, of Rosewood; J. T. Pierson and W. H. Pierson, of Hillsborough county.

What Bill Alleges. The bill sets forth many irregularities of the titles of the property owned in Cedar Key. The claim is based upon a patent granted by the United States government as far back as 1853, to Thomas H. Parsons, on what was known as an armed occupation permit, which was issued to Mr. Parsons in 1842. The defendants, many of whom have owned this land for several years, claim possession by the swamp land act of 1850, under which act the state came into possession of all the swamp and overflowed lands which were owned by the United States government, and on which no settlement had been made prior to the passage of the act.

The patent in question covers about one hundred and sixty-four acres, and includes the entire area of the city of Cedar Key, improved and unimproved. Cedar Key is a town of many a thousand inhabitants, and one of the most important fishing points on the gulf coast. Its oysters are noted the world over for their excellent flavor, which has brought the town into great prominence. The fishing industry as well as oyster canning establishments and other factories akin, have been worth a great deal commercially to the city and its people, with the result that progress, while not brisk, has been steady and the people have prospered and built for themselves nice business houses and homes. The result is that the Cedar Key folks have lived unmolested by trouble of the outside world, have built themselves up to comfortable livings, and are perfectly contented among themselves.

But the new turn of affairs is going to enlighten things in Cedar Key, says the Gainesville Sun. "It will be like stirring up an ant's nest, and it is no more than natural that the people will rise as a unit in opposition to the cause for they feel that Cedar Key belongs to them, especially that portion of the town which they have bought and paid for with hard-earned money, and which they have held unmolested for many years. The outcome of the case will naturally be looked for with a great deal of interest and anxiety."

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